

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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AT THE OFFICE OF  
**THE JEFFERSONIAN.**

## Spare my Heart from Growing Old.

Old Time, I ask a boon of thee—  
Thou'st stripped my heart of many a friend,  
Ta'en half my joys and all my glee—  
Be just for once to make amends;  
And, since thy hand must leave its trace,  
Turn locks to grey, turn blood to cold—  
Do what thou wilt with form and face,  
But spare my heart from growing old.

I know thou'st taken from many a mind  
Its dearest wealth, its choicest store,  
And only lingering left behind  
O'er wise experience bitter lore,  
'Tis sad to mark the mind's decay,  
Feel wit grow dim and memory old—  
Take these, old time, take all away,  
But spare my heart from growing old.

Give me to live with friendship still,  
And hope and love till life be o'er—  
Let be the first the final chill  
That bids the bosom bloom no more,  
'That so when I am passed away,  
And in my grave lie slumbering cold,  
With fond remembrance friends may say  
'His heart, his heart grew never old.'

## A Teetotal Dog.

A few days since, says the Cambridge Chronicle, a gentleman in this city, a strong temperance man, and the owner of a good dog, purchased a load of wood and employed two Irishmen to saw it. Having a decided love for strong drink, they found that their frequent journeys to the place from whence the liquor was obtained, consumed so much time, that they decided to procure a bottle and get it filled. Having done so, they took it into the yard where they were at work, putting it in a convenient place for future use. Bese, who had kept an eye on their movements, was not to be deceived by the string which was tied over the cork, and he resolved to take the law into his own hands, having no faith in the use of moral suasion in this case, and placing himself near it, in the most decided manner he forbade their touching the bottle again; nor would he allow the men to leave the yard till his master returned at night. The men reported him as being a dangerous baste.

An exchange wisely remarks "that no dust affects the eyes so much as gold dust." We might also add, that no glasses affect the eyes more unfavorably than glasses of brandy.

**Ladies at Elections.**—The ladies of Grand Rapids, Michigan, attended the polls on the 20th, to urge their husbands and brothers to vote for the Maine law. They were of course successful. In Leon the ladies also came out, and the town gave 206 majority for the law.

**Three Cities in One.**—By an act of the Legislature of New York, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, and Bushwick are to be governed by a single corporation.

**Methodist Tabernacle in New Orleans.**  
A correspondent of the Christian Advocate, writing from the south, mentions a plan entertained by Harry Hill, a well-known wealthy cotton merchant, and a liberal-hearted Methodist, for building a Methodist Tabernacle in that city, in an eligible position, at a cost of \$150,000.—It is to be capable of seating 3,000 persons.

**A Good Story.**—John Bunyan, while in Bedford jail, was called upon by a Quaker, desirous of making a convert of him. "Friend John, I have come to thee with a message from the Lord, and after having searched for you in all the prisons in England, I am glad I have found you at last."

"If the Lord had sent you," returned Bunyan, "you need not have taken so much pains to find me out, for the Lord knows I have been here twelve years."

The Albany Knickerbocker lately received a letter inquiring among other things, whether pig iron was petrified pork, and if it was, which was the best way to cook it to make it juicy.

The "list of persons bribed" at the last election in Liverpool, embraces one hundred and thirteen names. England seems to need a second reform bill.

## THE SECRET CLOSET; or, let well enough alone.

A little more than fifty years ago, a man by the name of Henry Thompson called at the house of John Smith, a resident in a retired part of England, and requested a night's lodging. This request was readily granted, and the stranger, having taken some refreshments, retired early to bed, requesting that he might be awakened betimes the following morning. When the servant appointed to call him entered the room for that purpose, he was found in his bed perfectly dead.—On examining his body no marks of violence appeared, but his countenance looked extremely natural. The story of his death soon spread among the neighbors, and inquiries were made as to who he was, and by what means he came to his death.

Nothing certain, however, was known. He had arrived on horseback, and was seen passing through a neighboring village, about an hour before he reached the house where he came to his end.—And then, as to the matter of his death, so little could be discovered that the jury which was summoned to investigate the cause, returned a verdict that he died 'by a visitation of God.' When this was done the stranger was buried.

Days and weeks passed, and little further was known. The public mind, however, was not at rest. Suspicion existed that foul means had hastened the stranger's death. Whispers to that effect were expressed, and in the minds of many, Smith was considered as the guilty man. The former character of Smith had not been good. He had lived a loose and irregular life, involved himself in debt by his extravagance, and at length being suspected of having obtained money wrongfully, he suddenly fled from the town. More than ten years, however, had now elapsed since his return, during which he had lived at his present residence, apparently in good circumstances, and with an improved character.—His former life, however, was now remembered, and suspicion after all, fastened upon him.

At the expiration of two months, a gentleman one day stopped in the place for the purpose of making inquiry respecting the stranger who had been found dead in his bed. He supposed himself to be a brother of the man. The horse and clothes of the unfortunate man still remained, and were immediately known as having belonged to his brother. The body itself was also taken up, and though considerably changed, bore a strong resemblance to him. He now felt authorized to ascertain, if possible, the manner of his death. He proceeded, therefore, to investigate the circumstances as well as he was able. At length he made known to the magistrate of the district, the information he had collected, and upon the strength of this, Smith was taken to jail to be tried for the wilful murder of Henry Thompson.

The celebrated Lord Mansfield was then on the bench. He charged the jury to be cautious as to finding a bill against the prisoner. The evidence of his guilt, if guilty, might be small. At a future time it might be greater; more information might be obtained. Should the jury now find a bill against him, and should he be acquitted he could not be molested again, whatever testimony should rise up against him. The grand jury, however, did find a bill, but it was by a majority of only one. At length the time of trial arrived. Smith was brought into court and placed at the bar. A great crowd thronged the room, eager and anxious to see the prisoner, and to hear the trial.—He himself appeared firm and collected. Nothing in his appearance or manner indicated guilt; and when the question was put to him by the clerk, 'are you guilty or not guilty?' he answered with an unflinching tongue, and with a countenance perfectly unchanged, 'not guilty.'

The counsel for the prosecution now opened the case. And it was apparent he had little expectation of being able to find the prisoner guilty. He stated to the jury that the case was involved in great mystery. The prisoner was a man of respectability and property. The deceased was supposed to have had about him gold and jewels to a large amount; but the prisoner was not so much in want of funds as to be under a strong temptation to commit murder. And besides, if the prisoner had obtained the property, he had effectually concealed it. Not a trace of it could be found. Why then was the prisoner suspected? He would state the grounds of suspicion.—The deceased, Henry Thompson, was a Jeweller, residing in London and a man of wealth. He had left London for the purpose of meeting a trader at Hull, of whom he expected to make a large purchase. The trader he did meet; and after the departure of the latter, Mr. Thompson was known to have in his possession gold and jewels to a large amount. With these in his possession, he left Hull on his return to London. It was not known that he stopped until he reached Smith's, and the next morning he was discovered dead in his bed. He died, then, in Smith's house, and if it could be shown that he came to his death in an unnatural way, it would increase the suspicion that the prisoner was in some way connected with the murder.

Now then, continued the counsel, it will be proved beyond the possibility of a

doubt, that the deceased died by poison. But what was the poison? It was a recent discovery of some German chemists, said to be produced by distilling the seed of the wild cherry tree. It was a poison more powerful than any other known, and deprived one of life so immediately as to leave no marks of suffering, and no contortions to the features.

But then the question was, by whom was it administered? One circumstance, a small one indeed, and yet upon it might hang a horrid tale, was that the stopper of a small bottle of very singular description had been found in the prisoner's house. The stopper had been examined, and said by medical men to have belonged to a German phial, containing the kind of poison which he had described. But then was that poison administered by Smith, or at his instigation? Who were the prisoner's family? It consisted only of himself, a housekeeper, and one man servant. The man servant slept in an out house adjoining the stable, and did so on the night of Thompson's death. The prisoner slept at one end of the house, the housekeeper at the other, and the deceased had been put in a room adjoining the housekeeper's.

It would be proved that about three hours after midnight, on the night of Thompson's death, a light had been seen moving about the house, and that a figure holding the light was seen to go from the room in which the prisoner slept, to the housekeeper's room; the light now disappeared for a minute, when two persons were seen, but whether they went into Thompson's room, the witness could not swear; but shortly after they were observed passing quite through the entry to Smith's room, into which they entered, and in about five minutes the light was extinguished.

The witness would further state, that after the person had returned with the light into Smith's room, and before it was extinguished, he had twice perceived some dark object to intervene between the light and the widow, almost as large as the surface of a window itself, and which he described by saying it appeared as if a door had been placed before the light.

Now in Smith's room, there was nothing which could account for this appearance; his bed was in a different part; and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the bed, was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed being at a distance beyond it. The counsel for the prosecution here concluded what he had to say. During his address, Smith appeared in no wise to be agitated or disturbed, and equally unmoved was he while the witness testified in substance what the opening speech of the counsel led the court and jury to expect.

Lord Mansfield now addressed the jury. He told them that in his opinion the evidence was not sufficient to condemn the prisoner, and that if the jury agreed with him in opinion, the court would discharge him. Without leaving their seats, the jury agreed that the evidence was not sufficient.

At this moment, when they were about to render a verdict of acquittal, the prisoner arose and addressed the court. He said he had been accused of a foul crime, and the jury had said that the evidence was not sufficient to convict him. Did the jury mean that there was any evidence against him? Was he to go out of the court with suspicion resting upon him, after all? This he was unwilling to do. He was an innocent man, and if the judge would grant him the opportunity, he would prove it. He would call his housekeeper, who would confirm a statement which he would now make.

The housekeeper had not appeared in court. She had concealed herself, or had been concealed by Smith. This was considered a dark sign against him. But himself now offered to bring her forward, and stated as the reason, not that he was unwilling that she should testify, but knowing the excitement he was fearful that she might be bribed to give testimony contrary to fact.

But he was now ready to relate all the circumstances he knew; she might then be called, and be examined. If her testimony does not confirm my story, let me be condemned.

The request of the prisoner seemed reasonable, and Lord Mansfield, contrary to his usual practice, granted it.

The prisoner went on with his statement. He said he wished to go out of the court relieved from the suspicions which were resting upon him. As to the poison, by means of which the stranger was said to have died, he knew neither the name of it nor the effect of it, nor even the existence of it, until made known by the counsel. He called God to witness the truth of what he said.

And then, as to Mr. Thompson, he was a perfect stranger to him. How should he know what articles of value he had with him? He did not know. If he had such articles at Hull he might have lost them on the road, or which was more probable, have otherwise disposed of them. And if he died by means of the fatal drug, he must have administered it himself.

He begged the jury to remember that his premises had been repeatedly and minutely searched and not the most trifling article that belonged to the deceased had been discovered in his possession.—The stopper of a phial had been found—but of this he could only say he had no

knowledge, and had never seen it before it was produced in court.

One fact had been proven, and only one. That he would explain, and his housekeeper would confirm his statement.

A witness testified that some one had gone to the bed room of the housekeeper on the night in question. He was ready to admit that it was he himself. He had been subject for many years of his life to sudden fits of illness; he had been seized with one on that occasion, and had gone to her to procure her assistance in lighting a fire. She had returned with him to his room for that purpose, he having waited for a minute in the passage, while she put on her clothes. This would account for the momentary disappearance of the light. After remaining a few minutes in his room, finding himself better, he had dismissed her and retired to bed, from which he had not risen, when informed of the death of his guest.

Such was the prisoner's address, which produced a powerful effect. It was delivered in a very firm and impressive tone, and from the simple and artless manner of the man, perhaps not one present doubted his entire innocence. The housekeeper was now introduced and examined by counsel for the prisoner. She had not heard any part of the statement of Smith, nor a single word of the trial.

To this succeeded her cross examination by the counsel for the prosecution.—One circumstance made a deep impression on his mind—this was, that while the prisoner and the housekeeper were in the room of the former, something like a door had obstructed the light of the candle, so that the witness testified to the fact, but could not see it. What was the obstruction? There was no door—nothing in the room which could account for this. Yet the witness is positive that something like a door did, for a moment come between the window and the candle. This needed explanation. The housekeeper was the only person that could give it. Designing to probe this matter in the end to the bottom, but not wishing to excite her alarm, he began by asking her a few unimportant questions; and among others where the candle stood while she was in Smith's room?

'In the centre of the room,' she replied. 'Well, and was the closet or cupboard, or whatever you call it, open once or twice while it stood there?'

She made no reply.

'I will help your recollection,' said the counsel.

'After Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet, did he shut the door, or did it remain open?'

'He shut it.'

'And when he replaced the bottle in the closet, he opened it again, did he?'

'He did.'

'And how long was it open the last time?'

'Not above a minute.'

'Well, and when open, would the door be exactly between the light and the window?'

'On the left hand side.'

'Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening?'

'None.'

'Are you certain?'

'I am.'

'Have you ever opened it yourself, or only seen Mr. Smith open it?'

'I never opened it myself.'

'Did you never keep the key?'

'Never.'

'Who did?'

'Mr. Smith always.'

At this moment the housekeeper changed to cast her eyes towards Smith, the prisoner. A cold, damp sweat stood upon his brow, and his face had lost all its color; he appeared a living image of death. She no sooner saw him than she shrieked and fainted. The consequences of her answers flashed across her mind. She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the advocate, and by the little importance he seemed to attach to her statements, that she had been led by one question to another, till she had told him all he wanted to know.

She was obliged to be taken from the court, and a physician who was present was requested to attend to her. At this time the solicitor for the prosecution left the court, but no one knew for what purpose. Presently the physician came into court and stated that it would be impossible for the housekeeper to resume her seat in the box short of an hour or two.

It was about twelve in the day. Lord Mansfield having directed that the jury should be accommodated with a room where they could be kept by themselves, adjourned the court two hours. The prisoner in the meantime was remanded to jail.

'To Mr. Smith.'  
'When did you last see it?'

'On the night of Mr. Thompson's death.'  
At this moment the solicitor entered the court, bringing with him, on a tray, a watch, two money bags, a jewel case, a pocket book, and a bottle of the same manufacture as the stopper, and having a cork in it. The tray was placed on the table, in sight of the prisoner and the witness, and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man of the guilt of the prisoner.

A few words will bring this melancholy scene to a close. The house where the murder was committed was between nine and ten miles distant. The solicitor, as soon as the cross-examination of the housekeeper had discovered the existence of the closet, and its situation, had set off on horseback, with two sheriff's officers, and after pulling down a part of the wall of the house, had detached this important place of concealment. Their search was well rewarded; the whole of the property belonging to Thompson was found there, amounting in value to some thousand pounds; and to leave no room for doubt, a bottle was discovered, which the medical men instantly pronounced to contain the identical poison which had caused the death of Thompson. The result was too obvious to need explanation. Smith was convicted and executed.

## Labor and its Wants in Cities.

The wants of Labor may be seen among a numerous class who are willing to work if they could find employment. There is a painful interest in seeing laborers flock around when a job is to be done. Go to the wharf and buy a load of wood, you have no need to look for a sawyer. Usually, before the cart has gone a block, one with his buck and saw is following after; or, if the carman will permit he gets on and rides to its destination. Sometimes you will see three or four, all after one load. If a load is put down at your door, one of these persevering laborers will often set down his buck and go to work unbidden, trusting of course that you will pay him the usual charge.

It happened a few days since that our opposite neighbor, who was a widow with a large family, and is constantly obliged to save every shilling, ordered a load of coal. As usual, with it came a coal-heaver, but she was unwilling to give 25 cents, the common charge for carrying it in, and he went away. In less than twenty minutes while the coal lay upon the pavement, there were seven applicants for the job. It had to be carried up a long alley and put in a coal-bin at the back of the house, and no one seemed willing to do the hard duty for the proffered shilling. Several offered to split the difference, but no, and they went away. There were at one time four stout men bargaining for the odd sixpence long enough to earn two. It seemed that one of these would have come to terms at once. It was plain to see that it was "do or die" with him. He was a stalwart son of the "Old Country," lately imported, and felt the pressing wants of the laborer most undoubtedly.

He looked at the coal where it lay, as much as to say: "Somebody must move that; why not I?" Then he looked around anxiously for some one to say, "Yes, you can do it." At length he went up to the door and rapped timidly. Evidently he knew nothing of the use of the bell, or else he supposed it was not for the like of him to ring. So he came down and took another survey, and then placed his basket on the pile as a sign to other laborers that this was engaged.—By and by he ventured up to the door again. This time his rap was answered.—Then there was a long confab; the lady offered a shilling, and he held out for eighteen pence. How he implored her, but to no avail; she saw he was anxious for work, and would probably take the shilling. He thought not, and picked up his basket to go away. Then came one, two, then others, with their baskets: four men chaffering for an hour's work. Finally, after a deal of talk and gesticulation, all agreed they would not work for half price. Half an hour afterward, we looked out and saw the tall man who had stuck so hard for the job, had relented and come back for the shilling. More than forty times did he flit that basket and carry it up the long slippery alley for that little sum, barely the price of a pound of beef, pork or mutton, or a couple of pounds of bread. But there was no alternative—want was pressing and six other men wanted to do the same labor. Let the laborer in the country, who gets plenty of labor to do, and with it plenty of good food be content; he is better off than his fellow in the city.

If such still think the City is the place for a poor man, let them come here and join us in one of our walks among the abodes of misery, not crime, for all who are poor are not bad. We have enough who are so, but those are not laborers—they live upon the labor of others. It is not crime, it is the want of work, that makes so many wretched beings in the City. The inability to procure work, or to gain a bare subsistence by all they can do, is the parent of crime. Go to the country—you will find few rogues among constantly employed farm

laborers. The reason is obvious. They get their daily bread as certainly as they are willing to work for it. Unlike their fellows in the City, they do not beg for work and starve for want. Beside wholesome food—if an unlimited supply of meat can be called wholesome—they have comfortable lodgings: in that respect quite unlike the City cellar occupants.

We wish some of the disinterested souls who are longing for the city life with its comforts and pleasures, could have a vision exhibiting some of the places where human beings are stowed away like chickens in a coop, or pigs in an over-crowded pen. What would they say to making one of the few families occupying one room only twelve feet square, or to have a room to themselves, instead of their present cottage with four rooms and a large garret, as one family we know of who came from just such a place, to live in a city garret five feet by seven, in which three adults and four children, cook, eat and sleep? Why so poor, if willing to work? Because the father could not get employment, grew desponding, got sick, not drunk, and because he could not pay eighteen dollars a month for two rooms, had to move into this hole where his wife and daughter support the family, making shirts at four cents a piece. If heaven sends any chance of their restoration to their former peaceful home in the country, it is more than we do, and we pray it may vouchsafe a ray of light to the hope-forsaken mother, that she may return and light up a beacon to warn the poor country laborer to come not near the city, where all who are criminal are not so by nature, nor are all who beg lazy, but because the text is reversed, and the laborers are not few, but greatly in excess of the demand, so far as they know how or what to do.

Our closing and earnest appeal to all who must labor to live, is, Come not to the city for employment.—N. Y. Trib.

## Heading off Runaways.

An exciting affair occurred in South Trenton on Sunday, the details of which are as follows: The discovery of some letters aroused in the breast of a husband suspicious that his wife was giving her affections to another. On Sunday the wife started out on the pretence of going to the South Trenton Presbyterian Church. The husband suspected nothing, but quietly took a seat at the window of his house. In a few minutes, however, the person who was suspected of trifling with the affections of his wife came driving by in gay style. The husband at once suspected that something was in the programme of the afternoon performance that he had not read. So he started off in pursuit, and taking a roundabout course, he headed the party near the church. His wife was just stepping into the wagon. The man gave the horse the whip, but the injured husband succeeded in jumping into the tail of the wagon, and at once commenced beating the man. He continued this business so long and with such effect that persons passing by thought he would kill him and interfere. The affair created no little sensation, and has been the talk of the Ward ever since.—State Gazette.

## A Giant.

Mr. O'Gaskill, the Nova Scotia giant, a petite individual, of seven feet eight inches in height, and weighing four hundred and fifteen pounds, left this city yesterday morning, for New York. His hand measures, from the tip of his fingers to the wrist, twelve and a half inches.—His presence created quite a sensation at the steamboat landing. The sword in his possession was about the length of an ordinary liberty pole.—Sun of 7th inst.

**The Darkness Gone.**—M. A. Townsend writing from New Brighton, Pa., under date of June 27, says: "A little boy blind from birth, aged about four years, died in this village a few days ago with scarletina. About an hour before the little sufferer departed, he exclaimed: 'Pa! I see now. Darkness is all gone. Day is come!'" His father inferred from the incident that he was better, and would probably recover. But an hour passed, and he was with the angels.

## Profits of a Law Suit.

On the third of December, 1852, the ship Georgia was wrecked on Long Beach, N. J., and libelled (for salvage we presume) by Thomas Bond. After eighteen months of litigation, the U. S. Court at Trenton closed the matter by a distribution of the sale of said vessel to the libellant, Thomas Bond. The proceeds amounted to \$1,005, the whole of which was swallowed up in the costs of the Court, except \$29, which the libellant received. His claim was \$2,282 37. About three per cent. for justice and ninety-seven per cent. for collecting!

Colored Communicants in the South number largely. A contemporary makes the following statement: There are about 150,000 colored members of the Southern Methodist Church; 120,000 in the Baptist; 10,000 in the Presbyterian; and in other churches about 20,000, making a total of 300,000.

During the year ending July 1, 1853, there occurred 536 marriages, 633 births, and 318 deaths in Lancaster county.